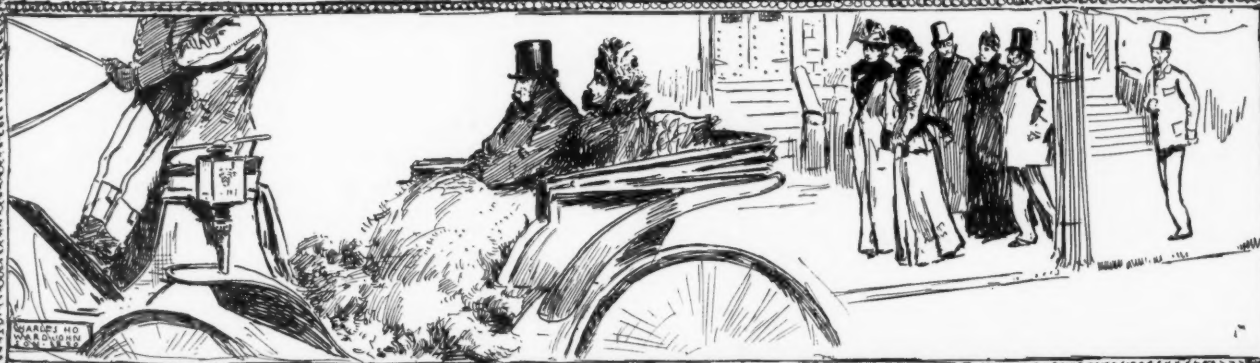


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LIFE

THANKSGIVING No. 1890



CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS DONE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.



HE old St. Nicholas slyly tossed bags of gold into poor widows' houses, and then ran away. His modern namesake has been sending for nearly twenty years, by the postman, to all children within his reach, that which ought to give more happiness and benefit than the money-bags which the older saint dropped in at the window.

The *St. Nicholas Magazine* is a fine flower of the nineteenth century. For childhood, as we understand it, it is a recent discovery. The world had neither books, pictures, nor other implements of happiness suited to child-nature until our own time. What a step from the rude horn-books and incomprehensible catechisms to the pictures and stories of this day, in which the best literary ability, the highest artistic skill, the ablest and most experienced editing, the largest publishing enterprise, and the finest mechanical appliances are all enlisted and combined to rejoice and enlighten children!

RECREATIONS.

"THE first work of a child is play," said the great teacher Frederick Froebel. He who will lead children rightly must know how to win and hold a child's sympathy by entering into his play, and this *St. Nicholas* has done in many ways. On the side of honest sympathy with the spirits and pursuits of young people, there are descriptions of home amusements of various kinds, plays for parlor or school representation, drills and healthful exercises for both girls and boys, indoor games, funny pictures, the famous "Brownies," the never-to-be-forgotten jingles, and the riddles, the rebuses, the charades, the what-nots of elaborate entanglement that have called forth the ingenuity of puzzle-makers, old as well as young. There are accounts of how to camp out, how to build toy sail-boats, admirable articles on swimming and sailing and lawn-tennis, on the bicycle, on base-ball, foot-ball, and general athletics, and many more on subjects of prime importance to boys and girls.

TIMELY ARTICLES.

WHATEVER subject comes up, *St. Nicholas* tries to give its young readers a good understanding of it while it is fresh in the public mind. This can best be demonstrated by noting a few of the many timely subjects that the magazine has treated in its pages. Coast-guard service or life-saving on the coast, the work of coast-guards in aiding ships and securing cargoes that have gone ashore, the use of light-houses and light-ships, cable-telegraphy, the method of stopping cars by a vacuum brake, the manage-

ment of the city fire department, the use of turret ships, torpedoes, torpedo boats in war, the telephone, the minting of money, the foretelling of the weather, the electric light, the making of pottery, the cable railway, the elevated railroads, the transportation of the obelisk, the work of the war correspondent, modern harbor defenses, the making of steel ordnance, the great storm at Samoa, Stanley and his exploring achievements, are examples of many papers that have been printed on subjects of immediate interest at the time.

SERIAL STORIES.

THE stories of *St. Nicholas*, long ones and short ones, are too widely known to require any description here. They have taken the widest range, and appealed to the most diverse tastes, but it has been the special aim of the magazine from the start to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest, uncontaminated and invigorating as the open air of heaven. There have been among the serials in the pages of *St. Nicholas* such stories of home life and young life; among them Miss Alcott's best stories for children, and Mrs. Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy"; stories of breezy adventure and boyish life, by J. T. Trowbridge; such pictures of frontier life and base-ball adventure as Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Fairport Nine"; tales of remote lands, by Bayard Taylor; Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and "What Might Have Been Expected"; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord



THE CALLIOPE PUTTING TO SEA.

From "The Great Storm at Samoa," in "*St. Nicholas*."

Fauntleroy," her most famous juvenile story and her other stories "Sara Crewe" and "Little St. Elizabeth." Many of the *St. Nicholas* stories have passed into juvenile literature as classics. It is not too much to say that almost every

notable young people's story produced in America now first seeks the light in the pages of *St. Nicholas*.

"ST. NICHOLAS" AS AN EDUCATOR.

PUT a boy to studying geography, and he gets a vague idea that Greenland is a green spot on the upper part of his map. But let him read Dr. Hayes's "Adventure on an Iceberg," and the arctic land, as by a touch of magic, becomes a real country. All the dry facts in the school-books about the "chief products" and "principal seaports" of Japan will never make the land of dainty decoration half so real as will the article in Volume VI., entitled "The Blossom-Boy of Tokio," with its thirty-seven illustrations. But there is not one of the numbers of the magazine that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination. One of the ingenious methods used by the magazine to excite interest in scientific study was the Agassiz Association—the most successful society of young people ever organized for scientific purposes, which was originally founded by *St. Nicholas*.

ITS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

"ST. NICHOLAS" would be a great benefactor if it did nothing but preoccupy the ground, and so crowd out the ill-weeds of noxious books and papers, which are sure to find their way where the attention is not engaged and the taste elevated by better reading. The great antidote to frivolity is mental occupation—and this antidote a juvenile magazine of the highest grade affords. But *St. Nicholas* does far more than this: to hundreds of thousands it is a teacher of religion—not in cold dogmatic form, not in any sectarian sense. But it teaches what a great orator once called "applied Christianity"—the principles of religion as they are applied to ordinary life. Unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and precepts. And these are the very core of true religion applied to the life. What a galaxy of eminent men and women has *St. Nicholas*, by some hook or crook, beguiled into writing for its lucky children! Indeed it would be easier to tell the few writers of note who have not contributed than to recite the list of those who have.

THE PICTURES.

SO much has been said of the charming illustrations of *St. Nicholas*, they have been so often and so highly praised, (they have brought warm words of commendation from high authorities in England as well as in America) that we should run the risk of becoming tedious if we enlarged upon them and their rare educational refining influence. The leading paper of Edinburgh pronounces the illustrations "infinitely superior" to anything produced in juvenile publications in Great Britain. The London "Spectator" calls *St. Nicholas* "the best of all children's magazines," and "The Thunderer," the London "Times" itself pronounced

St. Nicholas superior to anything of its kind in England, and said that its "pictures are often works of real art, not only as engravings, but as compositions of original design."



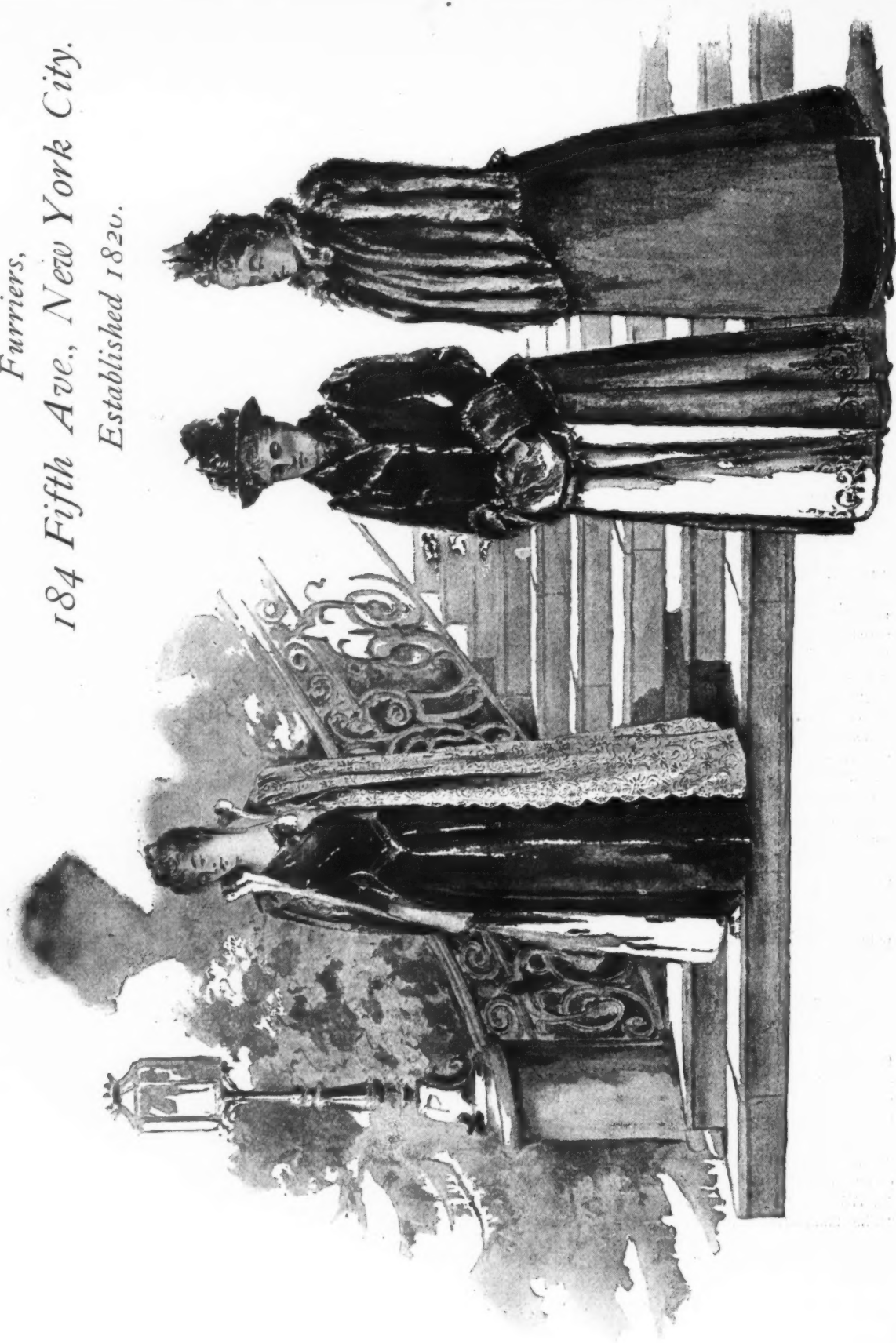
A HOME-MADE SCARE.
From "*St. Nicholas*."

IN CONCLUSION.

OF the success of the magazine it is not needful to speak. It has hardly a rival in its department among English-speaking people all around the globe. Eminent persons have subscribed for the benefit of those not able to pay for it, for the sake of its educating influence. The Ames family subscribe yearly for two hundred copies for the children of the employees in their works at North Easton, Mass. In the third largest public library in America, more than three thousand people read *St. Nicholas* every month.

When the magazine began, Charles Dudley Warner said: "If the children don't like it, I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country." Well, the children do like it, but, all the same, *St. Nicholas* has changed the kind of the children. It cannot be that multitudes of them should see such pictures and read such stories and poems without being better, more thoughtful, more refined, and in many ways another kind of children than those who have gone before them. *St. Nicholas* has a great list of attractive features for the coming year; it will be "better than ever," the editors say, but just how they are going to manage it is a puzzle. The price is \$3.00 a year, and the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York, will be glad to send a recent back number, without charge, to any reader of this article who is unfamiliar with *St. Nicholas*.

C. G. Gunther's Sons,
Furriers,
184 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Established 1820.





Sentimental Maiden: THERE GOES JACK'S WIFE; SHE IS NEVER HAPPY WHEN JACK IS OUT OF HER SIGHT. IS IT BECAUSE SHE LOVES HIM SO MUCH?

Experienced Widow: NO. IT'S BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HIM SO WELL.

WHY WE GIVE THANKS.

BECAUSE we live now instead of at any other period of the world's history.

Because we live in America, instead of in any other country in the world.

Because, notwithstanding the efforts of General Greeley and his staff, our climate remains a fairly good one.

Because there are only 400 of the 400.

Because reading the *Mail and Express* is not made compulsory by law.

Because the number of foolish women in America is rapidly being diminished by marriage with foreign nobles.

Because there is intelligence enough in the country to annihilate a reckless and prodigal Congress.

Because it is not likely that Mr. McAllister will ever write another book.

Because Anglomania is no longer epidemic.

Because the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are not immortal.

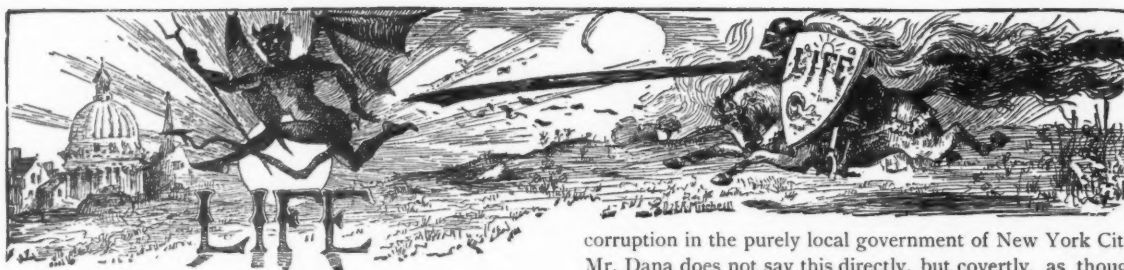
Because the recent census demonstrates that dudes are rapidly disappearing from the surface of the earth.

Because LIFE still continues to hold four aces once every week.

EASILY PROVED.

"YOU'RE no good," said the Capsicum plaster.

"Well, I'm holier than thou, anyhow," retorted the Porous plaster.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVI. NOVEMBER 20, 1890. NO. 412.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV. and XV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

MR. DANA is bilious again. This is to be regretted, because Mr. Dana's biliousness is a defect in an otherwise well edited and well conducted newspaper. Mr. Dana is well advanced in years, and his biliousness is doubtless the cause of his increasing irascibility. Physical ills often have this effect with elderly gentlemen, and, as their years increase, the irascibility quite frequently grows stronger instead of disappearing.

THE victim of Mr. Dana's present irascibility is a gentleman who was recently president of the United States. In that capacity he was courageous enough to bring before the American people the only great question since the civil war. He stood by his convictions, and because the people of the United States were not yet ready for the question, failed of re-election. Two years of popular education have passed since then, and, as though ashamed of their former ignorance, the people of the United States have reversed their former action, and restored to the Democratic party the control of the representative branch of our government.

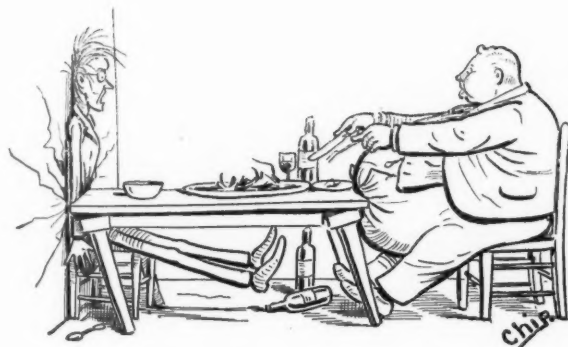
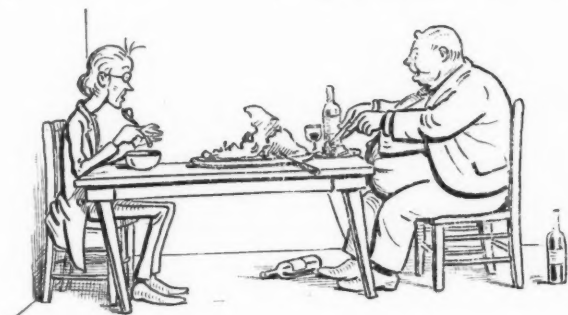
THIS endorsement of the ex-president has clogged up Mr. Dana's biliary ducts and brought on an attack of irascibility most alarming to behold. He lashes the ex-president for not abandoning his retirement for the purpose of lowering his dignity to the uses of pot-house politicians. He holds up for comparison the nobler example of that office-pursuing politician, the governor of the state of New York, who does not appreciate the dignity of his great office, even while he holds it. With a delicacy all his own, Mr. Dana alludes to the ex-president of the United States as the "Stuffed Prophet." (We may be stupid, but we confess we are unable to see either the humor or satire in this title.) Mr. Dana even intimates in chivalric insinuation that the ex-president dared to use his right as a citizen to vote against

corruption in the purely local government of New York City. Mr. Dana does not say this directly, but covertly, as though deserted by the courage of his biliousness.

LIFE would recommend to Mr. Dana the course lately pursued by his friend, Mr. Pulitzer, of the *World*. When Mr. Pulitzer found that he was physically unequal to the cares of editing a newspaper, he gracefully withdrew in favor of his former colleagues. If Mr. Dana should quit the journalistic profession, thus permitting his younger and perhaps abler associates to perform the editorial functions, he would be able to devote more time to that medical treatment which might make him a more agreeable member of the community. The frequent visits of some able physician, a careful regard to diet and other hygienic matters, and an effort to forget the names of Beecher, Grant and Cleveland, would doubtless do much to relieve him from his irascibility. In place of it might come the benevolence and kindness of heart which do so much to make old age attractive.

INDIANAPOLIS manners are excellent in their way. It might be quite possible for an Indianapolis gentleman to receive company in his shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet without reproach, but LIFE doesn't believe it. Nor does LIFE believe that if an Indianapolis lady were receiving an official visit from the elders of the Second Presbyterian Church, she would permit even the best of plumbers and gas-fitters in Indianapolis to pursue his trade in the same room where she received her guests. But in the White House, about a fortnight ago, the President of the United States gave audience to some Englishmen, who were here attending the meeting of the association which includes the leading men of the coal and iron mining interest the world over. These gentlemen had looked upon the position held by President Harrison as of sufficient dignity to deserve their respectful courtesy. Therefore, they called at the White House as a formal testimony to this fact. They were shown into the East Room. They found the gas-fixtures covered with sheeting, and a mechanic at work on the ceiling from the loftiest altitude of a step-ladder. Instead of being shown into another apartment to see the head of our government, the head of our government came into the room which was being cleaned, or decorated, or re-fitted, or something, and permitted the Englishmen to "feel his five," as he might have expressed it, in harmony with the informal surroundings. LIFE isn't in any way a stickler for pomp and pageantry, but it believes in the dignity of the presidential office, and wishes that foreigners might not be obliged to behold it in the informality of shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet.

AN UNEVEN THANKSGIVING.



THE TURKEY'S FAREWELL.

WHEN I was hatched, dear mother,
The bud was on the bough ;
I wish to gracious, mother,
The bough was budding now.
But oh, 'tis drear November,
The month in which, you say,
We're slaughtered by the million
To make a holiday.

Oh, rue the hour that saw me
Come chipping from my shell !
The summer days that knew me
An innocent young swell !

Oh, blithely did I gobble
All through the month of June ;
But now, 'Thanksgiving coming,
How altered is my tune.

I know you told me, mother,
I must not eat so much ;
I know you warned me, mother,
To flee the fatal hutch.

But youth is gay and thoughtless,
My appetite was strong,
And consequently, dearest,
Your darling son went wrong.

You see me here in prison
Reflecting on my fate,
While every precious moment
I grow in size and weight.

But hark ! what horrid clamor
Is that ? that awful thud !
Oh, woe, the farmer's spilling
My youthful comrades' blood.

And now he's coming hither !
I see the gleaming axe !
Farewell, farewell, dear mother,
You'd best be making tracks !

Soon, soon, my fondest mother,
I'll lie among the slain,
And budding boughs next spring, dear,
Will bud for me in vain. —K.

NO CELEBRATION.

UNCLE RASTUS : I'se afear'd I ain't goin' ter hab no turkey fer mah Thanksgivin' dis year.

HOOKS : Why not, Uncle Rastus ? Are the prices too high for you ?

UNCLE RASTUS : No, sah ; but de fences is.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

FIRST POOR BOY : Let's go round to the Astorbilts for Thanksgiving.

SECOND POOR BOY : What for ?

FIRST POOR BOY : Their dining room's fixed so's we can see 'em eat.



MYTHOLOGY FOR MODERNS.

SAPPHO.



SAPPHO was a poetess of passion who, some twenty-five hundred years ago, was regularly fired out of the editorial rooms of Athens. Phaon was the editor of a religious weekly, who, when Sappho had deluded some secular editor into buying one of her poems, would, at her expense, eat cheese sandwiches with her at 11 o'clock at night, and talk about the Aspirations of his Soul.

Sappho liked to hear Phaon talk about the Aspirations of his Soul. In fact, she loved Phaon, and twaddle from his lips was wisdom in her ears. In her milder verse she used to allude to him as follows:

Oh, youth of slend'rous mould and bistrine eye,
Whose pulse to my pulse bringseth ecstasy.
Yum, yum, terarum, kiss me, sweet.

Aye, aye.

Back blood, back heart, nor hold me prone,
For he is mine, my own, my ownest own.
Yum, yum, terarum, kiss, kiss, kiss again.

Oh, bliss.

Flushed cheeks and gurgling eyes to mine close pressed,
What care I now who sayeth give us rest.
Yum, yum, terarum, hug closer, squeeze, caress.

There are only a few of us left.

But Phaon had some common sense. When all the Athenian journals became long on erotic poetry, and that product was a drug in the market, the cheese sandwich sprees were of less frequent occurrence.

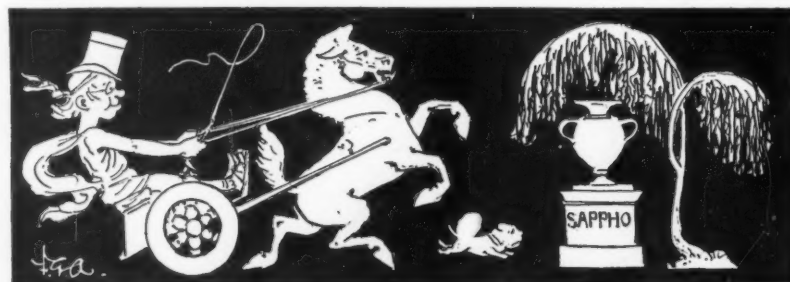
Phaon began to fight shy of Sappho. She, however, continued to hang around the front of the building where he edited the sermons of country clergymen at three sestertia an edit.

Finally she became such a nuisance to the other tenants in the building, that the landlord had the following sign placed on the front door:

BEGGARS, PEDDLERS AND
EROTIC POETESSES
NOT ALLOWED ON THESE
PREMISES.

To an erotic poetess with a sensitive and clinging nature like Sappho's this was a cruel blow. To be sure her *salon* was a great success, and was frequented by a large number of Athenians, who thought that because they went regularly to Sappho's flat and gorged themselves with lemonade and ladyfingers they had gained a foothold in the literary set. But without Phaon even this glory lost its savor. Life had become a cocktail without the bitters. Therefore she took out an accident policy on her life in the sum of 3,000 talents, and after making a careful toilet betook herself to the cliff of Leucadia. The peculiarity of this cliff was, that any lover who jumped from it would either be cured of the love or become food for a coroner's jury. Sappho jumped, and was cured of her love for Phaon. The undertaker remarked that he had seldom laid out a lovelier remains. Phaon collected the insurance, set up a dog-cart, and on pleasant Sundays and half-holidays was wont to drive out past Sappho's tomb on his way to visit a young lady who had written a novel which had the good luck to be excluded from the mails by the Post-Master General of Greece.

Metcalfe.





AN EXPOSITION OF EARLY AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP.

He: WHY SHOULD YOU REFUSE HIM ON ACCOUNT OF HIS NOT BEING YOUR EQUAL? YOUR GRANDFATHER SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. DON'T *you* BELIEVE THAT ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL?

She: OH, YES, OF COURSE I DO; BUT SOME MEN DETERIORATE AFTER BIRTH, YOU KNOW.



Wifey: HAVE YOU STILL UNKIND THOUGHTS OF THAT OLD RIVAL OF YOURS?
Hubby: YES, I HATE HIM BECAUSE YOU JILTED HIM.



EMBARRASSING.

Infant (in stentorian tones): PAPA!

LOVE IS BLIND.

WHAT fools, indeed, these mortals be!
 And foremost in this land
 Of many million mortal fools,
 The foolish lovers stand.

Each thinks that with his own fair maid
 None other can compare;
 Poor things! they do not see that mine
 Is twenty times as fair!

J. P. Denison.

REASON ENOUGH.

FIRST LANDLADY: I see that Mr. Feedwell has left you.

SECOND LANDLADY: Yes; I had to tell him to go.

FIRST LANDLADY: Was he behind with his board?

SECOND LANDLADY: No; but I couldn't stand his joking. I had a splendid dinner for Thanksgiving, and asked him to say grace, and he went and recited a prayer from the Episcopal service, called "In time of dearth and famine."

IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.

"WHAT caused Einstein's fire—too much inflammable material?"
 "No; too much insurance."



AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

MISS ETHEL (*between cheers*): Did you play foot-ball when you were in college, Mr. Tom?

BASHFUL TOM: No; I went in for base-ball.

MISS ETHEL: I'm awfully sorry.

BASHFUL TOM: Why, Miss Ethel?

MISS ETHEL: Oh, I think foot-ball is ever so much more picturesque; and then those boys hug and squeeze each other so——"

But just then Yale scored a touch-down, and the yelling drowned the rest of her remarks.

After the Thanksgiving dinner, though, when the old folks were drowsy from over-doses of turkey and mince-pie, Tom artfully led back to the subject under discussion, and as a result the engagement—but LIFE betrays no confidences.

WHY HE LOOKED THIN.

WIGGINS: You're looking poorly, Jack—really miserable.

JACK HARDUP: No wonder, when you consider the diet I've been living on for the past month.

WIGGINS: Boarding house?

JACK HARDUP: Naw—"uncle!" I've been eating up my summer clothes.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

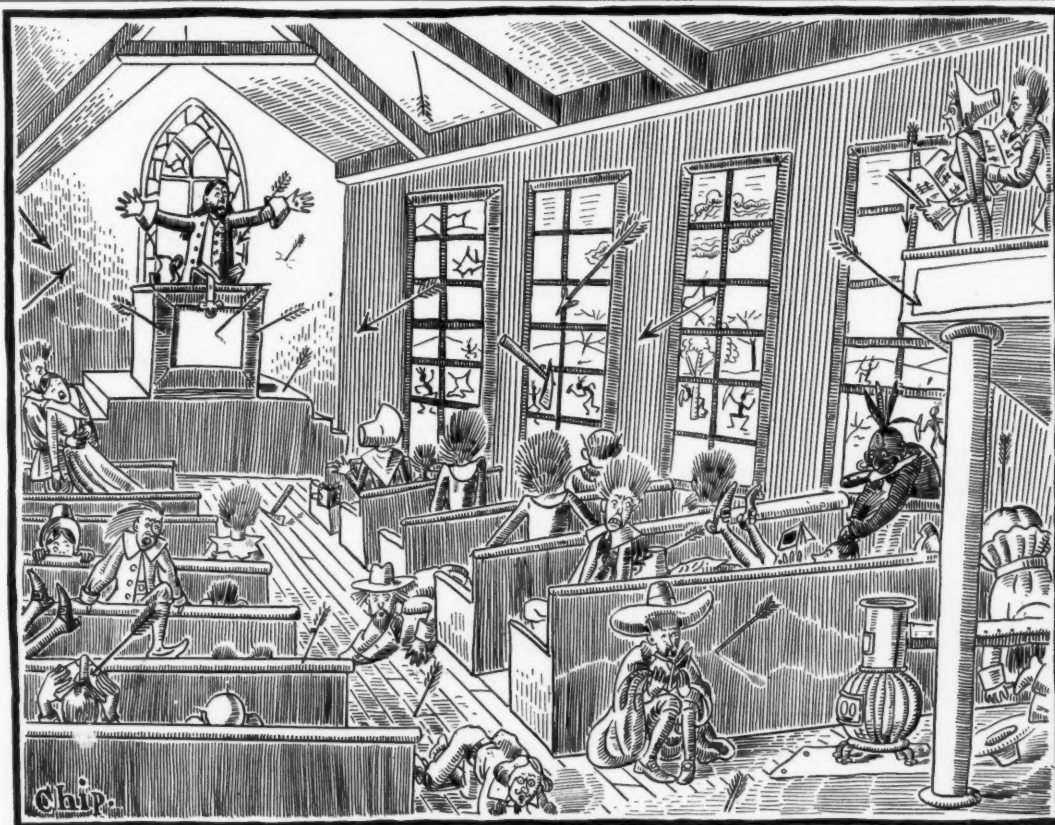
LEOPOLD: I say, now, Algy, lend me a dollah, won't ye? I'd like to give arms to that blind fellah. I feel so sorwy for blind men, ye know.

ALGERNON: So do I, me boy. We don't wealize what an affliction it is nevah to see the twees and woses, and all that, ye know.

LEOPOLD: And fawncyselcting twousers when you're blind.

THE writer who said "You may polish a copper as long as you like, but you cannot make a sovereign of it," didn't know that the New York policemen rule the city.

IT is an odd thing that as wit grows thin it becomes heavier.



THE THANKSGIVING OF OUR FOREFATHERS.



AS THE FUNERAL GOES BY.

She (entertaining her cousins): YES; PHILADELPHIA'S DEATH RATE IS VERY SMALL.

He: WHAT IS THE MOST PREVALENT CAUSE OF DEATH?

She: Ennui.

NEW BOOKS.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Tsar and His People. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Training for Health, Strength, Speed and Agility. By John P. Thornton. New York: Excelsior Publishing House.

Santa Claus on a Lark, and Other Christmas Stories. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Century Company.

Another Brownie Book. By Palmer Cox. New York: The Century Company.

Dreams of the Sea. Selected and arranged by Lula Mae Walker. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Through Thick and Thin: or, School Days at St. Eghert's. Edited by Lawrence H. Francis. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

The Pine Tree Coast. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Chatterbox, 1890. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Lyrics for a Lute. By Frank Dempster Sherman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The Knockabout Club in North Africa. By Fred A. Ober. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

DEGENERACY.

THANKSGIVING DAY our fathers ate
A generous store of meats and pies,
And each man cleared his well-heaped plate,
As though a famine might arise.

But in this pepsin-tablet day
Our food lies heavy on our—breast;
We take a cup of *consommé*,
And trembling, "hope it will digest."

Harry Romaine.



"I SAY, ME DEAH FELLAH, GET ME HAT AND I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTAW."



"ALL RIGHT, BOSS. JUST HOLD DESE A MINUTE."



AND JUST AT THAT MOMENT SHE CAME BY!

BOOK BUSINESS

"A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE."

IT has become the usual thing to say of F. Marion Crawford that he is a thorough cosmopolite, and no one can guess into what country his next romance will carry the reader. India, England, Italy, Germany, Turkey, Russia and America, have been the setting for his novels and characters, and those who adequately know these nations, agree that Mr. Crawford (as was said of Henry James), is entirely at home in all countries except his own.

In "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" (Macmillan), the author gives a very minutely studied picture of a small bit of Munich. It is a fine *genre* painting, but rather over-loaded with details which the slight story cannot easily carry. And this is a pity, for the tale in outline is a very pretty one—a trifle idyllic and old-fashioned.

The Count who was half-mad on Wednesdays, and perfectly sane and common-place the rest of the week, is a picturesque and pathetic figure. To be in the fashion, there is an ingenious use of hypnotic suggestion, which is the only modern trait in the story. In the end everything happens as in the old fairy tales, and the curtain descends with all the mean people made thoroughly uncomfortable, and the hero and heroine transplanted in a day from grinding poverty to riches and titles.

Of course, the obvious thing to add is that this is not fiction of a high order—that we have passed out of the era of fairy tales and dolls. It is equally just to remark that it is much better fiction, nevertheless, than novels of introspection, of religious speculation, or socialistic vagaries, or provincial exaggerations set in dialect. From all these annoyances we pray to be delivered, even by fairy tales.

NOTES.—V. Gribayédoff, after careful research in English and French libraries, has found the material for an interesting monograph on "The French Invasion of Ireland in '98,"—an episode which has been almost neglected by historians. This picturesque and romantic invasion had for its central figure the French General Humbert, who, with 1,100 men, landed at Killala, and for three weeks held his own, defeating forces many times his superior in numbers. He conquered the entire province of Connaught, and only by an unfortunate delay of a few hours, was prevented from making a junction with a large body of Irish insurgents, who could have commanded the road to Dublin. It is interesting to know that General Humbert (when he had been banished from France for making love to Pauline Bonaparte), fought on our side in the war of 1812, and died in New Orleans in 1823.

"Our New England" (Roberts Bros.), is a series of photo-gravures from nature, with decorations by F. T. Merrill. The pictures show characteristic New England scenery, inland and on the coast, in all seasons. Hamilton W. Mabie has written the letter-press with rare sympathy and excellent discrimination of what is picturesque and peculiar to the New England landscape.

Droch.



Count Von Ennione: YOUR ENORMOUSLY WEALTHY AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY HAS, ALAS, NO TITLES.

Miss Bronson: THAT'S TRUE; BUT THEN WE CAN BUY WHAT FEW WE NEED, YOU KNOW.



TOUGHENING UP FOR THANKSGIVING.

Turkey: HIT HARDER, BOYS; REMEMBER I'M GOING TO A BOARDING-HOUSE.





OSMANDIAL.
LET EACH GIVE THANKS."

"THE UGLY DUCKLING" in which Mrs. Leslie Carter made her *début* is announced as having been "Written by Mr. Paul M. Potter: Re-written by Mr. Archibald D. Gordon." It should be re-written again by some competent person with convenient access to a large and vigorous grate-fire. This is the only method by which its faults could be thoroughly eradicated. Mrs. Carter showed dramatic possibilities enough to entitle her to consideration as an artist. Naturally her work was crude. A previous schooling as a walking lady would have added materially to the ease of her performance but all things considered it was a remarkable one. She acquitted herself fairly well and that in a part which would tax the capabilities of the most talented and experienced of actresses. She possesses considerable force, a mercurial vivacity which is at times almost annoying, and a physique which is attractive and apparently quite equal to any demands which may be made upon it.



IN TIME OF NEED.

"HEY, JIMMY, TIE DE DOG LOOSE, AN' LET HIM GO IN DE WATER AFTER A MAN 'WOT'S TUMBLED OVERBOARD!"

VISITOR: Rosy, who's that gentleman who just went by?

ROSY: Oh, he's not a gentleman—he's a minister.

AN EARLY RISER—The one who is up before the Police Magistrate.

CLEVERTON (*in Dashaway's room*): Don't I miss something? Oh, yes; where is that picture of the "Three Graces" you had?

DASHAWAY (*sadly*): You see that silk hat over there? That's it.



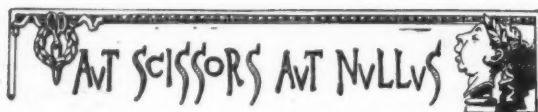
A MISAPPREHENSION REMOVED.

Lord Runnymede: Aw—Miss Twumbull, I fawncy now, you weject my suit because you have no wank. That is verwy inconsistent for an Amerwican, you know. I fawncied an Amerwican girl would fawncy herself my equal, and tell everybody my birth was a mere accident, you know.

Miss Trumbull: Oh, no, Lord Runnymede. I wouldn't disparage your birth in the least. I don't think it was a mere accident—it was a regular catastrophe.



A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON.



THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED.

IN southern archipelagos he fought the bloody cannibal;
He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable;
Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word and not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable,
No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

Just then his wife came in and said, "I'd think it quite commendable
If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find him very tendable.
The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very leadable.

—Worcester Gazette.

AND now a new one—warranted—about Mrs. Potter, and which
has come all the way from Australia by private mail. Cora went to a
Melbourne physician to be vaccinated. The latter asked:

"Where do you wish to be vaccinated, Mrs. Potter?"

The lovely Cleopatra hung her red gold head and answered:

"Ah! doctor, in our profession one must be vaccinated where it
will not show."

To which came the quick reply:

"Mrs. Potter you will have to swallow the virus."—Chicago
Herald.

PROFESSOR (to students): "Smoke away gentlemen, it does not
annoy me in the least. I look on tobacco in the same light as hay. I
don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it."—Sterne und
Blumen.

The custodian of the large hall in Cooper Union told the policeman
on guard at the Municipal League mass meeting last week that he
wanted the front row of seats reserved for ladies when the doors were
opened. It cost the policeman and custodian and the custodian's assistants
a great deal of trouble to keep that front row vacant, but they
succeeded. Several ladies entered the hall and were politely invited to
"step right down in front." They were shown to the front row, but,
after glancing at the empty seats, they turned back and found other
places not so far forward. Not one woman could be induced to sit
down in that front row. The gallant custodian was sorely puzzled, and
finally he mustered sufficient courage to ask one lady who declined to
accept his invitation to sit in the front row, why she objected. "I don't
want to sit there," she exclaimed impatiently, "because there is no place
to put my feet."—Argonaut.

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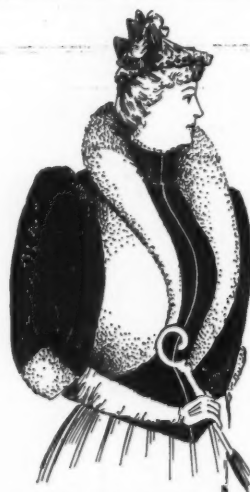
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· LIFE ·



FOILED AGAIN.

Sheriff: So, OBADIAH SMITH, I HAVE CAUGHT YOU AT LAST. I HAVE A WARRANT HERE FOR YOUR ARREST, AND I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG WITH ME!

Obadiah: IF YOU TAKE ME YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SO JUST AS I AM, FOR I SAW YOU COMING AND HAVE BURNED EVERY STITCH OF MY CLOTHING, EVEN TO MY HAT!



A DUTIFUL SON.

WHY ARE YOU NOT AT SCHOOL, SONNY?

WELL, YER SEE, ME FARDER'S TOOK WID DE ROOMIDISEM AN' I HAS TO RUN DE BUSINESS FOR HIM TILL HE GETS WELL.

FRIEND: That's an excellent picture of still life, Madder; but that loaf of bread is hardly natural.

ARTIST: No; you see I had to eat my model to keep me alive while I painted the balance of the picture.—*Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.*

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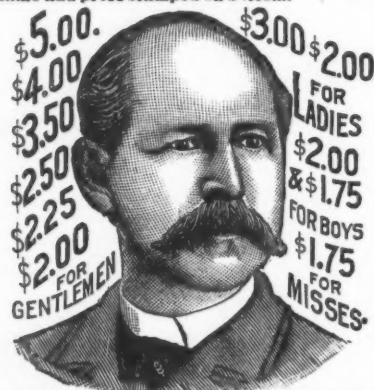
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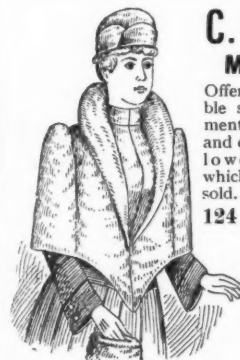
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